

the faculty of music  
university of toronto

and

the canadian broadcasting corporation

present

janet baker, mezzo-soprano

john newmark, piano

macmillan theatre,  
edward johnson building

8:30 p.m.

sunday, october 24th, 1971

Even if love's fire  
 never warmed her  
 frigid heart,  
 which showed no pity  
 for the soul she enslaved,  
 one day she may repent  
 and grieve and pine  
 for me

**Maledetto sia l'aspetto**

*Claudio Monteverdi*

Curses on  
 that face which  
 burns me,  
 poor me.  
 I feel  
 bitter torment;  
 I die without  
 Hope of restoring  
 my faith  
 in you.  
 Curses on  
 that face which  
 burns me,  
 poor me.

Cursed be  
 the arrow  
 which gives  
 a mortal wound.  
 It is my beloved's  
 wish; it is the wish  
 of one who does  
 not love.

Cursed be  
 the arrow  
 which gives  
 a mortal wound.

### III

#### Seventeenth-century English Songs

**Jehovah reigns**

*Mister Barringcloe*

Jehova reigns: let Heaven rejoice,  
 Joyful earth exalt her voice;  
 Let dancing billows roar  
 Echo's answer from the shore.  
 Let triumphal joys go round,  
 He comes with glory crowned  
 To judge the earth, the world to sway  
 And his truth to men display.

**A Hymne to God the Father**

*Pelham Humfrey*

Wilt thou forgive that sin, where I begun,  
 Which is my sin, though it were done before?  
 Wilt thou forgive those sinnes through which I runn  
 And doe them still, thou still I doe deplore?  
 And when thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
 for I have more.



Wilt thou forgive that sin, by which I have wonne  
Others to sin, and made my sin their dore?  
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shunne  
A yeare or twoe, but wallowed in a score?  
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
for I have more.

I have a sine of feare that when I have spun  
My last thred, I shall perish on the shore;  
Sweare by thy self that at my Death, thy Son  
Shall shine as he shines nowe, and heretofore;  
And having done that, thou has done,  
I have noe more.

### Bonduca's Song

*Henry Purcell*

O lead me to some peaceful gloom,  
Where none but sighing lovers come;  
Where the shrill trumpets never sound,  
But one eternal hush goes round.  
There let me soothe my pleasing pain  
And never think of war again.  
What glory can a lover have,  
To conquer, yet be still a slave.

### Pursuing Beauty

*Henry Purcell*

Pursuing Beauty men descry  
The distant shore and long to prove  
Still richer in variety  
The treasures of the land of love.  
We women like weak Indians stand  
Inviting from our golden coast  
The wandering rovers to our land  
But she who trades with 'em is lost.  
Be wise, be wise and do not try  
How they can court or you be won;  
For love is but discovery  
When that is made the pleasure's done.

## IV

### La Partenza

*Gioacchino Rossini*

In this song by Rossini, one of the many he wrote while living in Paris, the text is Venetian and a fond but sad farewell is being said. How can she live without him? Will he remain faithful to her?

## INTERMISSION

### V

#### An die untergehende Sonne

*Franz Schubert*

The people give thanks, the air stirs,  
evening mists rise rise from the fields to you  
winds blow through your curly hair;  
the waves will cool your burning cheek,  
wide open lies thy watery bed.  
Rest in peace, rest in joy;  
the nightingale sings thy lullaby.

O sun, you sink to rest — sink then in peace.  
Quiet and peaceful your departure,  
restful and glowing your silent path.  
Your friendly eye smiles wearily,  
tears fall from your golden lashes;  
blessings stream from you to the scented earth.  
Ever lower, ever softer, ever more gravely  
you sink towards towards the horizon.  
O sun, you sink to rest — sink then in peace.

#### Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen

*Franz Schubert*

Love abounds on every side,  
But true love is only rarely seen;  
Love comes rushing up to meet one,  
Only searching will reveal true love.

#### Hin und wieder fliegen Pfeile

*Franz Schubert*

Here and there dart Love's arrows  
from his slender golden bow. Would you be his  
victims? It is all a matter of luck.

Why is he in such a hurry? He wants to conquer  
everyone. Already he is gone and the heart lies  
open, unafraid. Beware — he will be back!

#### Gretchen am Spinnrade

*Franz Schubert*

1 My peace is gone,  
my heart is heavy;  
never, never again  
will I find rest.

2 Where I am not with him  
I am in my grave,  
the whole world  
turns to bitter gall.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 3 My poor head<br>is in a whirl,<br>my poor thoughts<br>are all distracted.                       | 7 and the magic flow<br>of his speech,<br>the pressure of his hand,<br>and his kiss!  |
| 4 My peace is gone,<br>my heart is heavy;<br>never, never again<br>will I find rest.              | 8 My peace is gone,<br>My heart is heavy;<br>never, never again<br>will I find rest.  |
| 5 I seek only him when I look<br>out of the window,<br>I seek only him when I leave<br>the house. | 9 My bosom yearns<br>towards him.<br>If only I could seize him<br>and hold him  |
| 6 His noble gait,<br>his fine stature,<br>the smile of his lips,<br>the power of his eyes,        | 10 and kiss him<br>to my heart's content —<br>under his kisses<br>I should die!<br>(My peace is gone,<br>my heart is heavy . . . .) |

### Rastlose Liebe

*Franz Schubert*

Against the snow, the rain, the wind,  
Through the misty abyss and clouds  
of fog, everlastingly without rest or peace.  
As life bears gladness, I fight for love  
through pain.  
As each heart yearns towards another  
Ah! how lonely does pain make one  
What then — shall I fly? To the forest?  
All is lost.  
O Love — thou art the crown of life —  
happiness without peace.

## VI

### Mandoline

*Gabriel Fauré*

The serenaders and the fair listeners exchange  
platitudes under the singing boughs —  
Tircis and Amintas, and that eternal Clitander, and  
Damis making so many tender verses for so many  
cruel ladies.  
Their short silk jackets, their long dresses with trains,  
their elegance, their zest and their soft blue shadows  
whirl in the ecstasy of a rose-pink and grey moon, and the  
mandoline chatters between the shudders of a breeze.

### En Sourdine

*Gabriel Fauré*

Calm in the half-light under the high branches, let us  
fill our love with this deep silence.  
Let us melt our souls, hearts and ecstatic senses in  
among the vague languors of pine and arbutus.  
Half-shut your eyes, fold your arms, and from your  
lulled heart drive for ever all will.  
Let us yield to the gentle, rocking breeze that ripples  
the russet grasses at your feet.  
And when, solemnly, evening glides down from the dark oaks,  
voice of our despair, the nightingale shall sing.

### Green

*Gabriel Fauré*

Here are fruit, flowers, leaves and branches, and then my  
heart, which beats only for you. Do not tear it with your  
white hands — may the humble gift be pleasant to your lovely  
eyes.  
I come still covered with dew, which the morning wind freezes  
on my forehead. I am tired — let me rest at your feet and  
dream of the dear moments that will refresh me.  
Let my head — still musical with your last kisses — rock  
gently on your young bosom; let it find calm after the good  
storm, and let me sleep a little since you are at rest.

### Chanson d'amour

*Gabriel Fauré*

I love your eyes, I love your brow, O my beloved one!  
I love your eyes, I love your mouth, where kisses fall  
I love all that makes you beautiful,  
you to whom I give my vows.

### Fleur jetée

*Gabriel Fauré*

Carry away my madness on the capricious wind, while singing,  
plucked and dreaming, cast away. Like a discarded flower  
love withers away, the hand that touched mine is gone for  
ever. That wind which withers you, poor flower, once so  
fresh and tomorrow faded, that wind may wither my heart.

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Next Event: Thursday, October 28th, 1971  
Thursday Evening Series  
Jacques Loussier Trio-Play Bach